

Hope College

Hope College Digital Commons

[The Anchor: 1932](#)

[The Anchor: 1930-1939](#)

2-3-1932

The Anchor, Volume 44.28: February 3, 1932

Hope College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.hope.edu/anchor_1932



Part of the [Library and Information Science Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Repository citation: Hope College, "The Anchor, Volume 44.28: February 3, 1932" (1932). *The Anchor: 1932*. Paper 4.

https://digitalcommons.hope.edu/anchor_1932/4

Published in: *The Anchor*, Volume 44, Issue 28, February 3, 1932. Copyright © 1932 Hope College, Holland, Michigan.

This News Article is brought to you for free and open access by the The Anchor: 1930-1939 at Hope College Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Anchor: 1932 by an authorized administrator of Hope College Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@hope.edu.



Hope College Anchor



Volume XLIV

Hope College, Holland, Mich., February, 3, 1932

Number 28

HOPE DOWNS HILLSDALE BY OVERWHELMING SCORE, 41-22

Ties up Second Place by Defeat of Contenders

PERFECTLY CLICKING SQUAD
RUNS AWAY FROM
OPPONENTS

SPOELSTRA, DALMANS
SCORE

Crowded Armory Proves New
Popularity of Hope
Basketball

The Hope College basketball team placed themselves more firmly in second place in M. I. A. A. standings by overwhelming Hillsdale college, 41-22, last Thursday night. Piling up a very comfortable lead in the first half, the Blue and Orange cagers were never threatened. The locals completely outplayed the visitors in the first period. Hope just couldn't miss the basket.

The game started in a whirlwind as Andy Dalman, stellar Hope guard, sank the first four shots he took. Hillsdale's shock troops were caught flat-footed by the flashy Hope offense. Not long after the game was underway, however, the Hillsdale regulars came into the fray but what difference did a few regulars mean to the Dutchmen for the hoop was hit just as consistently, and the half ended 25-7 against the visiting "regulars."

In the second half Hillsdale played the Hope five practically even. The game developed into a rough battle and many fouls were called during this period. Every member of the home squad saw action. Louie Japinga was in action a little too much and left the game by the personal foul route.

Waddy Spoelstra was high point man for the evening with 13 points while Andy and "How" Dalman each garnered 10 points. Frank Visscher played a bang-up game at guard. Brooks was the leading scorer for the guests.

Lineup and summary.

Hope (41)		
	F.G.	F.T.P.
H. Dalman, F.	4	2 10
Nykerk, F.	2	1 5
Slighter, F.	0	0 0
Zwemer, F.	1	0 2
Spoelstra, C.	6	1 13
Nettinga, C.	0	0 0
Visscher, G.	0	0 0
A. Dalman, G.	5	0 10
Cupery, G.	0	0 0
Japinga, G.	0	1 1
	18	5 41

Hillsdale (22)		
	F.G.	F.T.P.
Milleo, F.	0	0 0
Reynolds, F.	1	1 3
B. Selby, F.	1	1 3
Beckwith, F.	0	0 0
Clark, C.	1	1 3
Ledvina, C.	0	0 0
J. Selby, G.	2	1 5
Mobily, G.	0	0 0
Smith, G.	0	0 0
Brooks, G.	3	2 8
	8	6 22

Ref.: Black, Kalamazoo.
Ump.: Miller, W. S. T. C.

IT ALL DEPENDS

P. Potter (remarking to herself): "I wonder how many fellows will grieve when I marry?"

H. Beekman (overhearing the remark): "That will depend upon how many times you marry."

NOTICE, SENIORS!

Orders will be taken for the rental or purchase of caps and gowns for Arbor Day and Commencement Week, some time next week. The committee will then meet all those who desire any form of graduation apparel and take measurements for the same. The rental rates are as follows:

Cap and gown	\$3.00
Cap only	1.00
Cap and gown for Commencement Week only	2.00
Collars, for sale only	.35

Sale prices vary with the type of cloth desired, etc. Anyone interested see the committee. Full service is offered to faculty members in the matter of gowns and hoods.

Watch the bulletin boards for announcements of meeting place.
COMMITTEE,
I. Johnson.

Hope Glee Clubs May Travel on Spring Trips

NO DEFINITE PLANS HAVE
BEEN MADE AS YET

There is a possibility that both the Women's and Men's Glee Clubs will take trips this spring. The girls are anticipating an Eastern trip some time around spring vacation. March 28 has been suggested as a possible date for the start of their trip. The boys too are looking forward to a three-week's trip. However, nothing definite has been decided since their going is dependent on several things that have not as yet been settled.

Seminary Prof. Has Religious Work Printed

WINFIELD BURGGRAFF, Th.D.
AUTHOR OF "MEDITATIONS
FOR LENT"

The William B. Eerdmans publishing house of Grand Rapids has just issued a compact and thought-provoking book by Dr. Winfield Burggraaff, professor at Western Theological Seminary, and alumnus of Hope College. It is entitled "By the Light of the Cross," "Meditations for Lent," and is a series of daily discussions for the Lenten season. The book is marked by Dr. Burggraaff's well known clarity of thought, and delightful conversational tone. It is attractively bound in brown paper, and has for a cover design the famous painting of the Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane by Hoffman. It is now on display in local book shops.

"Did you get my cheque?"
"Yes, twice. Once from you and once from your bank."—Dublin Opinion.

Girl (to one-armed driver): "For goodness' sake, use two hands."
Driver: "Can't. Gotta drive with one."—College Humor.

Little Mary, aged five, driving through the country with her father, for the first time saw cat-tails growing along the road.

"Oh, daddy," she cried, "look at the hot-dog garden!"—The Kablegram.

Joan Walvoord, Edith De Young and Vivian Behrman Elected New Anchor Heads Monday

Joan Walvoord of South Holland, Illinois, was elected editor of the Hope College Anchor at a student body election during the first hour Monday morning, and Edith De Young of Newark, New York, was made business manager. The position of advertising manager was voted to Vivian Behrman of Flushing, New York. All three are members of the sophomore class.

Miss Walvoord, who succeeds Ivan Johnson, present editor, has served on the staff for a year as head reporter. She was also editor of the freshman issue in 1930, and has had a fund of valuable experience

in the editing of her high school annual. Edith De Young has assisted Melvin Dole, retiring business manager, as a member of the business staff, and has shown marked ability in that field. The office of advertising manager, now held by Miss Behrman, is a newly created one designed to relieve the business manager of too many duties.

The next issue of the Anchor for February 10 will be omitted to allow the new heads to organize their staffs. The first issue under the new regime will appear Wednesday, February 17.

"IDEAL GIRL" IS Y. W. C. A. TOPIC

Lois Ketel led Y. W. last Tuesday night. On account of exams, not many people attended the meeting.

"The Ideal Christian Girl" was the topic under consideration. Miss Ketel gave an extremely idealistic, yet practical, speech on this subject, after which discussion took place.

Group singing was led by Helen Smith and the Scripture was read by Lois De Pree.

DR. WICHERS GIVES ADDRESSES AT CHICAGO AND GRAND RAPIDS

Doctor Wichers planned to leave for Chicago Friday noon, January 29. He was scheduled to address the alumni of Hope College residing in and about Chicago at a meeting in the First Reformed Church of Roseland.

Bethany Reformed Church of Grand Rapids welcomed to its pulpit last Sunday Doctor Wichers as guest speaker for educational Sunday.

"Once There Was a Princess" Will Be Staged Tomorrow and Friday

Drama Class is Ready for Its Presentation

CURTAIN WILL RISE AT EIGHT
O'CLOCK IN CARNEGIE
HALL

Three-Act Comedy Promises Fine
Entertainment by an
Excellent Cast

Tomorrow and Friday evenings the Drama Class under the direction of Mrs. Durfee will present the three-act comedy, "Once There Was a Princess" by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins in Carnegie Hall. The curtain is scheduled to rise at 8 o'clock p. m.

The characters in this delightful play will be portrayed by a well-chosen cast, which is listed here. Princess Dellatorre.....Helen Johnson
Seignior Maroni.....Richard Evenhuis
Old Princess.....Arloa Van Peursem
Hazel Boyd.....Jean Herman
Mrs. Boyd.....Nella De Haan
Mrs. Perington.....

Mrs. Seaver.....Beatrice Van Keulen
Mrs. Seaver.....Lillian Sabo
Ruby Boyd.....Iva Klerk
Aunt Meta.....Edith Drescher

Joe Boyd.....George Painter
Phil Lennox.....James Tysse
Milton D'Aray.....Harold De Windt
Josephine.....Ruth Geerlings
Jennie.....Eula Champion
Ada.....Helen Pelon

Ronald Fox is serving as business manager, and Chester Meengs as stage manager.

The story involved in "Once There Was a Princess" may be summarized thus:

Little Ellen Guthrie of Millertown, Indiana, has been taken abroad by her wealthy father and ambitious mother, and married to an Italian Prince. He spent all her fortune and then died, leaving her quite alone. She has always been homesick for Millertown and her old friends, and decides to return. The village is all excitement at the news of her coming, and great

preparations are made for her reception. When she arrives, she is mistaken for a seamstress who was expected, and seeing that the people are looking for a great and glorious princess in dazzling array, she makes no explanation, but sits and sews. Presently, however, she is recognized by her early sweetheart, and by her old friend, "Uncle Joe." The three then make plans to keep her identity a secret. She attends the reception in disguise, and then plans to slip quietly away, but many highly interesting incidents occur before the final curtain, when the future looks rosy for all concerned.

REV. BOOT ADDRESSES Y. M. ON CHINA

Last Tuesday, Rev. Boot delivered a timely address on far eastern conditions. Coming as it did from one who has so recently returned from the scene of the present conflict, the address was very enlightening. Music was furnished by John Mullenberg. He played "The Evening Song," by Wagner.

COSMOPOLITAN

The Cosmopolitans held no regular meeting this week, due to the semester exams. However, the house was usually full of fellows, happy to get through their exams. The Society basketball team, after having put up a good fight in the first half, lost the preliminary game Thursday night with the Freshmen. If the cold weather continues, some of the fellows are going to form an Eskimo Club, membership being based on the ability to withstand the cold of the dormitory.

"Uncle Mose, your first wife tells me you are three months behind with your alimony."

"Yes, Judge. Ah reckon dat am so, but you see it's jest dis way. Dat secon' wife of mine ain't turned out to be the worker. Ah done thought she was gwine to be."

CITY TO HAVE WEEK OF EVENTS FOR WASHINGTON BICENTENNIAL

NO ANCHOR NEXT WEEK

There will not be an issue of the Anchor next week to allow the new staff heads to organize their staffs, and become acquainted with their new duties. The first issue of the new staff will appear on Wednesday, February 17.

WOMEN DEBATORS

MEET W. S. T. C. GIRLS

Tuesday, February 2, the negative team of Hope College met the affirmative team of Western State Teachers' College at Kalamazoo. Hope's debaters were Nella De Haan, Marian Wray and Evelyn Wierda with Edna Helmhold alternating.

Debaters Win Unanimously Over Calvin

NEGATIVE TEAM GETS 3-0
DECISION OVER
VISITORS

Hope's negative debating team comprised of Marvin Kruizinga and David De Witt, outstanding freshman speaker, scored an unanimous decision over the affirmative team from Calvin last Friday evening, January 29, when the teams met in the library reading room. The judges, Professor R. Schackson, debate coach of Grand Rapids Junior College, Mr. Leo Lillie of Grand Haven, author of the History of Ottawa County, and Supt. Rogers of the Zeeland schools, returned a 3-0 decision in favor of the Hope team. Miss Edith Cunningham of the Women's debate squad presided over the meeting. The question was the official debate question for this year; "Resolved: That a substitute for the capitalist system should be established in the United States."

Debaters Meet Illinois S. N. V. In Practice

MATCH TRAVELING GROUP
IN NON-DECISION DEBATES

Two practice debates on the proposition, "Resolved, that congress should enact legislation for centralized control of industry," were held on Monday, February 1, at 4 and 8 p. m. on the first floor of the chapel building.

Henry Kuizenga and Herbert Marsilje defended the present system on the negative side of the question in the afternoon, in opposition to C. A. Miller and R. H. Peterson of the Illinois State Normal university of Normal, Ill.

The evening contest saw the schools on opposite sides of the question, with Joe Esther and Arthur TerKeurst, affirmative, arrayed against O. F. Yarger and W. E. Oliver, negative. The entire delegation from Illinois State Normal university, consisting of six delegates, went on to Kalamazoo after the evening debate, the next stop on their itinerary. The visitors had dinner Monday evening at the Knickerbocker Grill.

Professor Snow will present an organ recital Thursday, February 4, in the Third Reformed Church of Kalamazoo.

Hope College to Cooperate in City Plans

HIGH SCHOOL WILL GIVE
PROGRAM ON MON-
DAY NIGHT

DR. BUSH TO SPEAK

Washington Bust Oratory Contest
on Friday Evening Will
Climax Observance

The committee in charge of the Washington Celebration in Holland have made a tentative program for the entire week, beginning February 21. Although it is possible that the program may be altered, at present the plans are as follows:

On Sunday afternoon a service will be held in the Memorial Chapel at which Dr. Bush of Detroit will deliver an address. Monday night, Holland High School students will give a program at the High School auditorium. Tuesday and Wednesday evenings will be devoted to programs in charge of the college students. The entertainments will consist of musical numbers and several one act plays picturing Washington's life and time. On Friday, the 26th, the annual Washington Bust Contest will take place at the Chapel.

Return Game With Albion Set for Feb. 9

ALBION TEAM EXPECTED TO
BE STRONGER ON THEIR
HOME COURT

Next Tuesday evening the varsity journeys to Albion to meet the Methodists on their home court.

The Dougherty men now have 2 victories in conference play, but if the Dutchmen can stop Rislly, flashy forward, a victory may be expected.

The combination which clicked so well against Hillsdale will undoubtedly perform again on Tuesday night. Hope won a comparatively easy game from Albion in the first home showing here January 15, but they are expected to put up a much bigger battle on their home floor.

SIBYLLINE SOCIETY ELECTS OFFICERS

The Sibylline Society met Friday for the election of officers. The following were chosen:

Sibyl Velda Blair.....President
Sibyl Ethel Leetsma.....Vice President
Sibyl Alice Clark.....Secretary
Sibyl Edith De Young.....Treasurer

The program was a continuation of initiation of new girls and proved amusing to all.

Alumnae Mary Van Loo, Naomi Van Loo, Josephine De Haan, Ruth Van Allsburg and Esther Glerum graciously treated the society to refreshments.

SOROSIS ENJOY SUNDAY TEA

There was no regular meeting of Sorosis last week, due to the strenuous exams, but on Sunday afternoon S. Bosman, assisted by S. Hudson and S. Arendshorst, entertained with a tea at her home. The Sorosis sisters had a most enjoyable time chatting over their tea cups—especially enjoyable because of the presence of two alumnae, Betty Smith and Ethel Cunningham.



HOPE COLLEGE ANCHOR

Entered at the Post Office at Holland, Michigan, as Second Class Matter.
Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103 of
Act of Congress, October 3, 1917. Authorized October 19, 1918.

STAFF

Editor.....Ivan C. Johnson
Assistant Editor.....Helen Pelon
Head Reporter.....Joan Walvoord
Sports.....Herbert Marsilje, Preston Van Kolken
Humor.....William Austin
Alumni Editor.....Ella Roggen
Sororities.....Bernice Mollema
Fraternalities.....Mark Brouwer
Campus.....Vivian Behrman
Reporters: Marie Verduin, Jean Bosman, Edith De Young, Christian Walvoord, Lois De Pree, Martha Vanden Berg, Ethel Leestma, Sherwood Price, Margaret Rottschaefer, Beatrice Visser, Frank Viascher, Hilda Lanting, Gertrude Holleman, Marian Working, Carrol Capps.

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager.....Melvin F. Dole
Assistants: Vivian Behrman, Edith De Young, Margaret Rens, Harold Ringenoldus John Chamberlain.
Circulation Manager.....Mayford Ross
Assistant.....William Heyns



THE LAST WORD

After a year of service, of vicissitudes and enjoyment, of depression and hope, the present Anchor staff finds it time to relinquish its post to fresh hands. It has not been an easy task to manage, or mismanage as the case may be, the fortunes of a college weekly. We have, perhaps, often failed to meet the requirements of good journalism and to satisfy the personal opinion of students and faculty, but we have equaled angels in that we have done the best of which we were capable under the circumstances, believing that our small efforts constituted an expression of loyalty and service to our Alma Mater.

We extend hearty congratulations to the incoming staff, and sincerely hope that it will find a larger and better opportunity to fulfill the highest aims of a college paper. We believe in its ability to accomplish these ends. We would urge in connection with this the co-operation of Anchor readers with the new editorial and business staffs. Editors are likely to display an over supply of human frailties, and for a business manager to make both ends meet is an acknowledged miracle. The best way to remedy these inevitable ills is to be actively helpful, not destructively critical.

We are grateful for the encouragement and interest taken in us by the administration during our tenure, and trust that the Anchor will continue to merit such a boom.

With these thoughts we say goodbye, leaving with our successors the prospect of a bigger and better Anchor.

The Anchor
Depends largely upon its
ADVERTISERS
Patronize Them!

SHORT STORY

"NEENA"

It was five o'clock, and the hazy red ball that was the sun, sank slowly into the depths of a smoky cloud. For a moment the dirty, old brick buildings, softened now to a rosy hue, were outlined against the bright clouds. The crimson patches of sky, glowing brightly for a moment, blushed in virgin beauty, and then slowly paled as the chill grey curtain of night stole over them. As Neena watched the blending and fading colors, she forgot for a moment her taut, tired nerves, her torn clothing, and the chill, sordid street. Her thin face, and her large black eyes caught for an instant a reflected glory from the sky, then the noise and squalor called her back again; and, with a hopeless shrug, she pulled her worn sweater more tightly about her. Five o'clock was closing time on the market, and she had no time for foolish dreaming.

The market at its best was not a pleasant sight, but now, in the midst of all the bustle and confusion of closing, it seemed worse than ever. The dingy, narrow street was littered with booths displaying all conceivable wares. All day she had stood in her own little stall, while the brawling sound of harsh, quarrelous voices grated upon her ear, and the stifling stench from the poultry pens next to her, mingled with the strong odor of spice from the hot-dog stand across the street, sicked her. Inwardly revolting against the filth of it all, she forced herself mechanically to sell her wares, until her voice became strained and harsh from trying to make itself heard above the ceaseless babble. Now, as she saw her brother's truck approaching to load up the contents of her stall, she sighed with relief that another day was over, and wended her way home through the confusion.

The world looked particularly dark to Neena as she walked wearily along. Tomorrow, and the next day, and the next would go as today had gone; there was not a chance of a change. She seemed caught within the mesh of a net from which there was no hope of escape.

The home to which she was returning was not more cheerful than the market. It was only a few dark rooms in an old apartment that smelled of grease and stale tobacco smoke. Here there would be more noise—her mother's tired, nervous scolding, the baby's fretful crying, and the loud, cruel gestures of her elder brother who enjoyed tyrannizing the rest of the family. Oh, how she hated it all! And this would only go on and on. Now her figure was slim and graceful, and she was pretty in a mild way, but soon she would become fat and plodding like her mother, an old, broken woman at forty, waiting wearily to die. She had in her now a spark of something that wanted to lift her above the sordid conditions of her life, but soon even that spark would become extinguished. Tonight she felt as if there were no use fighting any more. She would probably marry Jos, who had a booth next to hers at the market, and whose father, she knew, had often talked to hers about the match. Then, at least, she would no longer have to stand in the market all day; but always he leered at her with his bold eyes, and she hated him!

Just then she turned a corner, and came in sight of a cheerful, old, grey building, which, although rather shabby, looked clean and comfortable. At the sight of it, some of her dismal thoughts were dispelled. It was the community social-service home, where she had come for many happy parties as a little girl, and which she now sometimes visited when she took her small brother, Guido, to the clinic there. It was always after one of

her visits there that she went home to scrub and clean, and become filled with the determination one day to be like the kind ladies she met there.

Her eyes now lingered fondly on one bright window on the third floor. This was the clinic where Dr. John worked. He was her idol, and had once been a boy in this same Italian settlement. Now that he was a young doctor, he had come back to help his people. When she took little Guido to the clinic, he always took care of him, and smiled and talked to her all the while. He had seemed interested in her, and had even walked home with her one evening when they chanced to meet on the street. Sometimes, when she felt very tired or when she crept at night into her hard little cot, his smiling face would rise up before her and then things never seemed quite so dark. Even the thought of his nearness could not cheer her now, and she sighed hopelessly.

"Why should he ever like me?" she thought. "He's only nice to me because he pities me."

Rebellion rose up in her heart as she walked doggedly on. Tears smarted her eyes, and her lips were set in a grim line. Suddenly a voice behind her called.

"Neena!"

She turned and saw Mary Purcelli, who used to be near her on market street. Her dark hair was Market street. Her dark hair was crinkled in a recent marcel and her vivid cheeks and lips blazed against the powdered whiteness of her skin. Neena was astonished at the change in her. She had formerly been but a ragged girl. Now she pranced along on high-heeled satin slippers, wore a fur jacket, and radiated an aroma of perfume.

"Gee, Neena, how are ya?"

Neena was still too bewildered by this sudden dazzle to speak. She could only stammer.

"But—Mary, what happened? How—how did you get these?"

"That, dearie, is a short, but sweet story. I've been lookin' for ya to tell ya about it. How'd you like to have clothes like these, too, eh? Well, all ya gotta do is this."

She opened her purse, and drew out a small package.

As Neena still stared incredulously, she leaned closer and whispered: "Opium. I'm deliverin' it now. Tony Guizono—you know him—well, he's startin' a ring here, and I'm deliverin' the stuff for him. He said I could keep my eye peeled for another girl to go in with me. I thought about you, Neena. You'd be a swell one for the job, you're kinda smart. How about it? All ya gotta do is store the stuff when Tony brings it and then take it around to the drug stores."

The sudden opening of another way of escape for Neena gave her a shock. Her first reaction was to accept it, but close upon the heels of this came a revulsion. She knew the terrible effects of this drug, and revolted at the idea of selling it.

"Well, kid, here's where I leave ya. You better think it over, and I'll see ya tomorrow."

A look of doubt crossed her face. "And if you ever snitch, ya better bid farewell to this fair earth."

She whisked around a corner and was gone. Neena's heart raced excitedly. She saw before her the chance of escaping from the market and Jos. She could have fine clothes, and perhaps little Guido could have the operation Dr. John said he needed. At the thought of Dr. John, her fancies halted. What would he think of her if she did this? It probably wouldn't matter to him what she did, and these people would get their opium anyway. If she didn't take it to them, someone else would.

When Mary called next day she had decided. She left her filthy, dark home, moved into an apartment with Mary, and began to deliver opium.

A few months passed and Neena

now, too, had fine clothes, and almost enough money was saved for Guido's operation. At first, Neena's conscience had troubled her, but as time went on she no longer cared. Only twice did she become afraid, and wish to go back. Once, when she had gone back to visit her home, little Guido had told her of another visit to the clinic.

"Dr. John asked me where you were, and why you never came there any more," he had said. "He told me he wished you would come some time."

At first she longed to go back there once again, but immediately realized she could not look into Dr. John's smiling face, knowing she was destroying all the good work he was trying to do.

Then, one day, she had come suddenly upon Mary, who, with glaring bright eyes, and trembling hands, was taking opium.

"Mary!" Neena gasped.

"Aw, kid, sometimes I gotta have some of this to keep me goin'. It's funny how it peps ya up. I'll be all right in a little while now."

The sight sickened and frightened Neena. She had noticed that sometimes Mary was particularly vivacious, and later was despondent and irritable, but she never had guessed that she was becoming a victim to this merciless destroyer. She was particularly shocked because she feared for what her own future might be. Sometimes, when she was very tired, or wanted to forget everything, she had been tempted to take some of this drug, and forget all. She was now still too strong to yield, but in a little while longer?

A month later a committee of doctors was holding a meeting in Dr. John Marsoni's room at the clinic. Rumors had reached them that dope was being smuggled into the community, and they had been appointed as a committee of investigation.

"I believe," said Dr. Benson, "that it isn't any big gang that's bringing it in here. I think it's just a small gang organized by people who live here, whom probably you'd never suspect. There's a place on Wentworth I've long thought to be a smuggler's station. What do you say, John, we drop in there, say next Wednesday, and see what we can find?"

Mary had just gone out to deliver the last of their stock, except one small case which she thought Neena had not seen. Neena felt tempted more than ever to take some just once, and see if it would make her really happy and gay. She got out the case, and sat fingering it musingly. Just then she heard footsteps on the stair, and suddenly the door burst open. Before her stood Dr. John!

Her body slowly froze at sight of him. Becoming aware of what she held in her hand, she cast it in sudden fear out of the window. "You!" he gasped.

She saw the dismay and horror in his eyes. Just then, Dr. Benson came stumbling up the stairs behind him, and entered the room.

"Only a girl here, eh? Well, let's search the place anyway, and see

what we can find."

Neena could only stand dumbly by as Dr. Benson began to search the rooms, awkwardly assisted by Dr. John. She knew they would find nothing, but Dr. John—would he tell? He had seen what she held in her hand.

Finally, they turned to go.

"Well, maybe I was wrong," said Dr. Benson doubtfully, "but this place will bear watching. What do you think, John?"

Pale with fright and humiliation, Neena glanced quickly at Dr. John with such entreaty in her dark eyes, that he turned toward her suddenly with a mute question on his face. But he said nothing, and silently turned to go. Neena knew she could never forget his last look of puzzled surprise, disappointment and even, perhaps contempt?

When they had gone, Neena sank weakly into a chair. To have Dr. John find her here, Oh, how he must despise her now!

When Mary returned, Neena told her all that had happened.

"I'm quitting right now, Mary. You can go on if you like, but I'd rather go back to the market."

A few days later, Neena was back—back in her old home, and the noisy, dirty market. She went about listlessly now, not caring very much where she was. It was as she had known it would be. Everywhere she went the thought that Dr. John despised her followed her, and tortured her; until at last she could bear it no longer.

One day she walked resolutely up to the clinic, and asked to see Dr. John.

He started quickly to his feet when he saw her.

"Neena!" was all he said, and led her quietly into his own private office.

Now that he was really before her, she did not know how to begin. Encouraged by his prompting questions, however, she finally told him her whole story in one burst of courage.

"Now you can go tell the police. I don't care where I go, but I had to tell you why I did it," she finished brokenly.

All the while she was talking, he had sat staring out of the window so that she could not see his face. She waited now for him to turn upon her the glance which had haunted her for the past three weeks.

When he finally turned toward her, his face had on it the kindest look she had ever seen.

"Poor little kid," he muttered. "No, I'm not going to tell the police."

He continued to look at her intently for a while, and then said suddenly:

"I've got a plan. How would you like to come and help me here in the clinic? You know almost all the children who come in here, and you could do much more with them and the mothers than any stranger. How would you like that, Neena?"

"How would she like that?" Neena thought she must be dreaming. Then incredulous joy shone from her glistening black eyes. She could wear a white uniform, and work here in this nice clean room for Dr. John all day. And, oh, how she would work for him! She would show him how good, and how neat and clean she could be, and perhaps even some day—?

HOPEITES

Have you seen

The New Book by Winfield Burggraaff

The Latest Non-Fiction

The Best-Sellers of the Month

All Books needed for College work supplied

—at—

THE BOOK NOOK

Phone 3371

2 E. 10th St.



Edna E. Oosting

Miss Edna E. Oosting, 31, former resident of Holland, died a week ago last Tuesday morning at 2 o'clock at Bethesda sanitarium, Denver, Colorado, of tuberculosis.

Funeral services were held Thursday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock from the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Oosting, 74 East Sixteenth street, and at 2 o'clock from the Third Reformed church. Services at the home were private. Rev. James M. Martin, pastor of Third Reformed church, officiated. Burial was made in Pilgrim Home cemetery. A short service was held in Denver prior to sending the body to Holland.

Miss Oosting was a graduate of Holland High school and Hope College. She taught for a year in the Allendale school and a year in the East Twenty-fourth Street school here. She had been in Denver three years.

Surviving are her parents and one brother, Peter Oosting of Holland.

Miss Oosting graduated from Hope in the Class of 1922.

Richard Harkema

Richard Harkema, 29, died Saturday at 10 o'clock at the farm residence of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Harkema, near Jenison park, following a long illness.

Funeral services were held from the residence at 1 o'clock Tuesday afternoon and at 2 o'clock from the Central park church. Dr. Winfield Burggraaf of Western Theological seminary gave the funeral sermon at the church. Rev. Paul E. Hinkamp of Hope college and Rev. F. J. Van Dyke, pastor of the Central park church, officiated at the residence and church.

Mr. Harkema received his grade school education at the Central Park school. He was graduated from Holland High school in 1921

and from Hope college in 1926. He taught at Boreulo, was principal of Hudsonville High school three years and principal of Coopersville High school during the past school year. Rev. Burggraaf and Mr. Harkema were close friends while in college.

Mr. Harkema was active in Christian Endeavor work and a Boy Scout leader. For many years he was an active member of the Central Park church and was teacher of a young men's Sunday school class.

REV. MARTIN FLIPSE TO BE IN CHARGE OF MISSION WORK IN ARTESIA

A new mission field for the Reformed church in Artesia, California, by Rev. Martin Flipse, missionary for the classis of the Cascades.

Rev. H. E. Beltman, formerly of Grand Haven, will take up the pastorate, to succeed Rev. Flipse, who, with his wife, has already called on about 70 families since the two began work in October.

The people in the community are mostly Hollanders who have been in this country only a short time. Rev. Flipse as a missionary has been able to reach several of the families.

The attendance at the morning service is about 140. Enrollment of the Sunday school is 45. About 40 pupils attend the Saturday morning catechetical classes.

Rev. M. Flipse is a graduate of the Class of 1890, and his successor, Rev. H. E. Beltman of the Class of 1916.

For the less formal interior... unlined draw curtains are helpful in creating an atmosphere of intimate hostility.—Portland (Ore.) Journal.

Jos. Borgman, Manager

Phone 5442

MODEL LAUNDRY

"The Soft Water Laundry"

Wet Wash, Rough Dry
Finished Work

Holland, Michigan

Central Market

Get Your Eats at

Molenaar & De Goede

Meat and Groceries
8th Street

Cornelius Huizenga
COLLEGE
BARBER SHOP

Friendly,
Courteous,
Efficient
Service

331 College Ave.

For Your Marcells, Perma-
nents and Finger Waves

See the

Puritan Beauty Shoppe

Kraker Hotel Bldg.

Phone 2956



TO ERR IS HUMOR

(Excerpts from "Breaks"—Jonathan Gape & Harrison Smith.)

Kuida's skull was fractured and he was not given a chance to live by attending physicians. — Ontario (Cal.) Daily Report.

Party who took pajamas from clothes line at 240 West 120th St. please return and no embarrassing exposure will be made on my part. — Oklahoma City News.

M. H. and Miss went to high school together... and their marriage will stop a romance begun between them there. — Charlotte (West Va.) Gazette.

Three hundred thousand Freshmen will enter American institutions of higher yearning next fall. — Princeton Seminary Bulletin.

We have not done any business with firms or persons in America since Prohibition came into force in that country. — London Dispatch to New York Sun.

The evening was spent in an infernal way, a radio program being the main diversion. — Kentucky paper.

And they were married and lived happily even after. — Church World.

Miss Belle Cramer is showing some landscapes and still lifes. — Daily paper.

Send mother a gift of hardly ever-blooming rose bushes. — Ad in Sioux Falls Argus-Leader.

George Grant is the proud possessor of a brand new sedan and also a new wife, having traded in the old one for which he received a liberal allowance. — Logan (O.) Republican.

Mary Promises to Sin for John D.; Gets Dime. — Sun-Telegraph.

Woman kicked by husband said to be greatly improved. — Headline in Illinois paper.

Dig the ground over thoroughly and then pant. — Gardening article.

Fifty-five years Dr. Jancky practiced medicine, being responsible for most of the babies born in the community. — Pomeroy (O.) Democrat.

Mrs. George died suddenly at her home last night. She had been afflicted with the Congregational Church for forty years. — Peoria (Ill.) Sunday Journal.

The blaze was extinguished before any damage was done by the local fire department. — Lansing (Ill.) paper.

Due to an error, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Ankrum, 104 West Healy St., are the parents of a girl born Thursday morning in the Mercy Hospital. — Champaign (Ill.) Gazette.

Weather forecast: Thunder showers Friday probably followed by Saturday. — Johnstown (Pa.) Democrat.

Mr. Butler won his nomination by a plurality of only about \$6,000 over Mr. Draper. — N. Y. Times.

It is proposed to use this donation to purchase new wenchers for our park as the present old ones are in a very dilapidated state.

Carleton (O.) Chronicle.

Wanted—Position in cabaret; no bad habits; willing to learn. — Boston News.

The appeal to all local authorities to help the Safety First organization in the fight against unnecessary human life, ought to find a hearty response. — Leicester (England) paper.

From this day I will not be responsible for any deaths contracted by my wife. — Trinidad (Col.) Chronicle-News.

Keeping all food under cover is the first step toward ridding the house of aunts. — Albany Journal.

From his left ear to the corner of his mouth ran a scar, the result of a duet many years before. — Short Story.

Ford Building Water Tunnel; Detroit Bore to Increase Plant Capacity. — Elizabeth (N. J.) Journal.

He Was Working Late

He had gone to his landlord with a serious complaint. "It's about those people in the flat above me," he stormed. "They won't give me a minute's peace. This morning at 2 o'clock they were jumping up and down and banging on the floor as hard as they could. I tell you, sir, I won't put up with such behavior. It's an outrage!"

The landlord looked sympathetic. "They woke you up, I presume." "No," said the victim, shaking his head, "I hadn't gone to bed." "Ah, I see! You were working late?" "Yes, I was practicing on my saxophone."

A mother had just been telling her small son some of the "facts of life" and when she finished she said: "Now, son, are there any questions you would like to ask? Anything at all, don't be afraid."

After a little heavy thinking, he replied, "Well, yes, there is something I've been wanting to know for a long time." Her heart failed her as she asked him what it was. "Mother, just how do they make bricks?" — Parents' Magazine.

After a young lawyer had talked nearly five hours to a jury who felt like lynching him, his opponent in the case, a grizzled old veteran of the legal cockpit, rose, smiled sweetly at the judge and jurymen, and said:

"Your Honor, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just concluded, and will submit the case without argument." — Montreal Star.

The auctioneer held up a hand for silence. "Gentlemen," he said, "I wish to announce that yesterday a certain gentleman had the misfortune to lose his wallet containing \$1,000. A reward of \$250 will be given to anyone returning the same."

After a short silence, a gentleman with a plaid tam-o'-shanter was heard to murmur: "Twa hoonders an' feefty-five." — Christian Observer.

Dorothy, attending the Episcopal Church for the first time, was surprised to see the people about her kneel suddenly. She asked her mother why, and was told, "Hush, they are going to say their prayers."

"What, with all their clothes on?" said Dorothy. — Boston Transcript.

Laundry Cases, fibre	\$2.39
Laundry Cases, canvass	2.00
Inner refills	.25
Students Ring Books 25c to	6.00
Hope College Stationery	.65

BRINK'S BOOK STORE

NO OTHER GROUP

of friends will ever mean quite so much to you as old classmates. Exchange photographs with them.

THE LACEY STUDIO

Holland, Mich.

WINSLOW'S

—For—

Mile Stone Photographs

Consult Us

About Your Eyesight

W. R. Stevenson, Optometrist

24 East 8th St.

Morses' or Gilberts'
Chocolates

Holland's Finest Ice Cream Parlor

A. P. FABIANO

26 West 8th St.

HOLLAND CITY STATE BANK

The Secret of Wealth—

and its foundation likewise, are found in the habit of persistent, systematic thrift.

A savings account with the Holland City State Bank will help you to form it in the easiest and surest way.

Always we aim to make your account here of maximum value to you.

Gruen, Bulova and Elgin Watches at
SELLES JEWELRY STORE
Expert Watch and Jewelry Repairing

WESTERN STATE TEACHERS PLAY HOPE TO SCORE 52-23

Frosh Take Cosmos Into Camp 38-20

BEAT ANOTHER FRAT TEAM
TO PRESERVE PERFECT
RECORD

The Hope frosh, playing true to form, defeated the Cosmos in the preliminary game Thursday by the score of 38-20. The society five put up a splendid battle in the first half, but when the yearlings began hitting the hoop in the last period

the chances of a Cosmos victory became dim and then slowly faded away.

Gordon Korstange and Gerald Bonette, two flashy forwards, scored more points than the entire Cosmos team. Teed Van Zanden came through in fine fashion with four field goals. G. Wiegink and "Len" Steffens turned in the best games for the losers.

The frosh still have to meet their equal in campus teams. No fraternity team has been a match for them. It is the best "greenie" team that has represented the Freshman class for several years.

Cosmos, Knicks, And Fraters In League Victory

COSMOS RETAIN LEAD BY
BEATING EMERSONIANS 15-11

The inter-fraternity games Monday evening ran true to form with the Fraters defeating the Addisons, 36-13; the Knicks ringing up a 37-6 victory on the High school, and the Cosmos edging out the Emersonians, 15-11.

In the first game Van Peurse, Tysse and Notier each got 6 points for the winners, while Hicks and Heersma performed well for the losers.

In the second game, which was a sloppy affair, Meergrs rang up 10 points for the Knicks.

For the third and final game, Hoffman was spectacular, making 10 of his team's 11 points. For the Cosmos Steffens and the two Wieginks were best.

Standings

	Won	Lost
Cosmos	3	0
Fraters	2	1
Knicks	2	1
Emersonians	1	2
Meliphone	1	2
Addisons	0	3

GREAT AMERICAN WHOPPERS

From "The Readers' Digest"

Snakes

Jack Bryant, of Dry Fork, Va., and his pa started down to the creek to go fishing. They arrived at the creek and discovered they had no bait. They saw an old water moccasin lying beside a log with a frog in his mouth. Mr. Moccasin had a happy look on his face and was just ready to swallow the frog. Jack took a forked stick, clamped it over the snake's head, and took the frog away from him, intending to use it for bait. Now, the old water moccasin had such a sad look on his face, at having the frog taken right out of his mouth, that the two fishermen were sorry for him. So they gave the reptile a drink of old white oak moonshine—and that's moonshine that is moonshine. The moccasin went wiggling away, and Jack and his pa cut up the frog and began to fish. "In 15 minutes," says Jack, "I was attracted by a strange thumping on my leg. I looked down, and there was that same water moccasin looking up at me, and he had another frog in his mouth."

Dogs

George Knisely of Covington, Ky., writes of a fish-hound owned by Pistol Jim Hendrix. For a long time Pistol Jim didn't know that his dog was a pure-blood, blue-ribbon fish-hound. One day he went fishing on the Licking river at Falmouth. He wasn't getting a bite. His dog was with him. Pistol Jim thought he would amuse himself by seeing if the animal was a good diver. He took a silver half dollar out of his pocket, showed it to the dog, and tossed it into the river. The dog dived into the water, and a few minutes later came up with an eight-pound catfish and 15 cents in change.

Earl Gwin of Hot Springs, Va., once put his dog Trailer on the scent of a wild turkey that had disappeared in the brush. Unfortunately the dog took up the back scent of the bird, which was an old bird. So Trailer just trailed and

trailed. He must have trailed over half of Virginia, and, since he was on the back trail, never caught up with the bird. Instead, he was found barking at the nest in which the turkey had been hatched many years before.

Fog

John McAllister of Media, Pa., was fishing on one occasion when he had a remarkable fog experience. He was in a boat. The mist became so thick that everything around him turned white and blank. He kept on casting his line, when suddenly he got a violent strike. When he reeled in his line, he found that he had a gray squirrel on his hook. Then he fog cleared and he was left high and dry in the top of a tree. The mist had been so dense that his boat had floated through it, and had drifted two miles from the lake. The scientific study of fogs, by the way, is illuminated by an astonishing happening which is reported both from the St. Lawrence river, by Eddert Austin Smith, and from Pennsylvania by Mrs. E. Humbert of Duquesne. They inform us that a carpenter was shingling a barn when a dense fog came up. The carpenter kept on working and laying shingles. When the fog cleared he discovered that he had shingled 12 feet beyond the barn.

"H'm! I don't like the look of your wife at all, Mr. Blunt," said the doctor, after he had examined the patient.

"Neither do I," answered Blunt, "but still she's a good wife, and looks after the children and the house well—so I can't grumble, I suppose."—Montreal Star.

J. Hamilton Lewis, United States senator-elect from Illinois, was making a speech at Danville, Va., the town where he was born.

A stranger in town, seeing the crowd in the square, asked an old Negro what was going on.

"Man makin' a speech," the Negro told him.

"Who is he?"

"I don't rightly know, suh, but he sure does recommend himself very highly."—Saturday Evening Post.

An Irishman in Russia, being examined by the Soviet for citizenship:

"If you had a million dollars, would you give half to the State?"

Mike: "Sure."

"If you had 1,000 acres of land, would you give half to the State?"

Mike: "Sure."

"If you had two shirts, would you give one to the State?"

Mike: "No."

"Why not?"

Mike: "Well, I've got two shirts."—Life.

Wife: "Dear, tomorrow is our tenth anniversary. Shall I kill the turkey?"

Hubby: "No, let him live. He didn't have anything to do with it."—Utah Humbug.

Mistress: "Mary, you were entertaining a man in the kitchen last night, weren't you?"

Maid: "Thank you, ma'am, that's not for me to say, but I did my best."—Elks Magazine.

"With all due deference, my boy, I really think our English custom at the telephone is better than saying 'Hello' as you do."

"What do you say in England?"

"We say, 'Are you there?' Then, of course, if you are not there, there is no use going on with the conversation."—Christian Science Monitor.

We've got it, We'll get it or it isn't made
WADE'S DRUG STORES
54 E. 8th St. WE DELIVER 13th St. at Maple

Valentine and Valentine Candies

Gilberts—Whitman's—Goblin

Johnson's HOT FUDGE SUNDAE

Bigger and Better for 15 cents

Check Your
Cough and
Colds at
WADE'S

Penstar
DRUG STORE

Check Your
Cough and
Colds at
WADE'S

Special Dinner

35c

COZY INN

Short Orders—Fountain Service

HOLLAND PHOTO SHOP

D. J. Du Saar

10 East Eighth St. Holland, Michigan
Kodaks and Kodak Finishing Framing and Gifts

COLONIAL SWEET SHOP

Candies, Fancy Sundaes, Hot Fudge Sundaes, Hot Chocolate,
Toasted Sandwiches, Gilbert's Chocolates

OPPOSITE TAVERN

SERVICE

QUALITY

ARCTIC

ICE CREAM

(SERVE IT AND YOU PLEASE ALL)

133 and 135 Fairbanks Ave.

Phone 5470

Students Take Notice

Suits, Coats and Plain Dresses Dry cleaned now

\$1.00

All goods called for and delivered.

Phone 2465

IDEAL DRY CLEANERS

College and 6th St.

FIRST STATE BANK

The Oldest and Largest State Bank in Ottawa County

Dr. Edw. D. Dimment, President

Dr. Wynand Wichers, Vice President

C. Vander Meulen, Cashier

Wm. J. Westveer, Asst. Cashier

A. A. Nienhuis, Asst. Cashier

Member of the Federal Reserve System

Valentine Day—Feb. 14

Bunte's Choco'ates

Heart Packages

60c to \$1.50 each

Gilbert's Chocolates always are Good Gifts

THE MODEL DRUG STORE

"It Pays to Trade at the Model"

Pearce Knitting Mills Store

51-53 East 8th St.

HOSIERY—LINGERIE

KNITWEAR—UNDERWEAR

DRESSES

Better than Ever Qualities—

Lower than Ever Prices.

MEYER MUSIC HOUSE

17 West 8th St.

"For Things Musical"

Hope Drama Class

Presents

"Once There Was a Princess"

Thursday and Friday

Nights

February 4, 5

CARNEGIE HALL

8 P. M.

Admission 50c.-35c.